

THE RADIANT CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

"We stand before the secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance and unity into variety."—Emerson.

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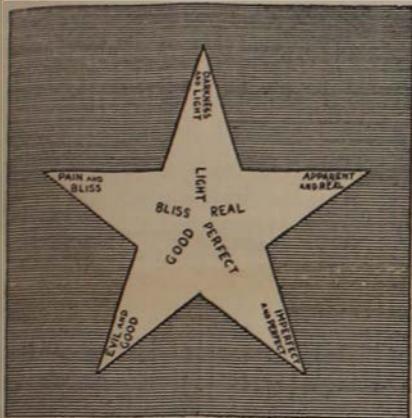
WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1900.

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Thinking in the Heart,
Or,
Easy Lessons in Realization.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Lesson V.



You have now before you a diagram by which I hope to prove to you that it is possible to outgrow or get away from pain. It is well known that pain has been, and still is, a factor in evolution. I do not deny that. On the contrary, I fully believe it. What I do deny is that evolution shall always find that factor indispensable. The time is coming when men can not suffer. Nature points to such a time. Even now she will not permit her creatures to suffer beyond a certain limit. When that limit is reached she lulls them to unconsciousness or wakes them to bliss.

William Flagg in his work on Yoga writes of Saint John of the Cross, of whom it was said that "through the silence of the night the sound of his lash would reach the ears of the friars, who trembled when they heard it, for they knew how merciless he was to himself." There came a time, however, when he could devise no penance that did not yield pleasure instead of pain, and Flagg accounts for that fact by supposing that the practice of penance "thoroughly and long persisted in has power, along with other bodily modifications it effects, such as adamantine hardness, control of breath, levitation, Herculean strength, etc., to actually reverse the normal action of the sensory nerves and to convert pain into pleasure, or else so completely overcome pain by pleasure that none is felt, which last, by the way, would

hardly be more strange than that a condemned witch could tranquilly slumber on a pile of burning fagots, a thing that has often happened."

I believe that Flagg's supposition is correct and that a turning point can be reached by both an individual and the race where the action of the sensory nerves is reversed, yielding thereafter no more pain, but only pleasure. A subtle sense of this must pervade the minds of those who believe in mental healing. If there is no ultimate escape from pain, to what end do they work? The door of escape need not open through self-inflicted penance. Life gives us pain enough unsought. If we can only believe it to be the passageway to bliss, how changed and hopeful the outlook. In this sense only can all be good.

And now let me refer to the diagram to still further explain my meaning. I have shown in the previous lessons that man in his outer life bears the same relation to a vast and unexpressed central life that the ray of the star bears to its centre. Man, in his real essence, is the centre, but in his manifestation or expression he is an emanation or a ray of Being.

Pure light in passing into manifestation is converted into a duality; into the relatives light and darkness.

Pure bliss passes in like manner into the relatives pain and bliss.

The perfect likewise becomes relatively both perfect and imperfect.

Good becomes good and evil.

The real becomes both real and apparent.

Expression or manifestation is therefore a mixture of light and darkness, of bliss and pain, of perfect and imperfect, of good and evil, of the real and apparent.

That is, expression as we know it, is thus dual, but we can imagine an expression which is all light, all bliss, all perfect, all good and all real.

This is the Ideal, the dream of the World, and toward it the World presses.

Oh, this glorious Centre within and back of expression in us all! Who would not call it more and more out into the world of action?

Of course it is beyond our conception now, a world without pain, darkness, evil, imperfection or unreality, but so was our present state of being unknown and unimagined to the earlier forms of life in which we functioned in past ages. I might go back of that and say there was a time

when from a higher state we foresaw the worm which we should become as well as our return to Godhood, but that is foreign to the argument. Whatever we had known was forgotten, as the worm, and yet hidden away in that simple, tiny organism lay the nucleus of remembrance like a sleeping seed awaiting its life.

The worm saw not its destiny, but moved unerringly toward the man, drawn by an ideal close at hand, but all unconscious of the larger vision. Man moves to-day as certainly toward the Ideal which he can not see in its fulness, but none the less truly does he move toward the highest life, the highest strength and the highest joy.

Heaven is within, said the Christ of past ages. Heaven is within, echoes the man of to-day. Yes, within, my brother, at the radiant centre of all life, and you are not separated from it for one instant. You never were, and you never can be. No one can take heaven from you but yourself, and that by the closing of your spiritual eye.

Right in the midst of poverty, sickness and distress, you can find the heaven within, and when you do, all will be transformed without.

And even now when you do not thoroughly understand the laws of mind you can accomplish much if you will try. When you feel depression settling down upon you like a cloud of gloom instead of sinking under the pressure, you can say—I will be happy! I will rejoice! If you say it weakly at first, say it again with persistence, and more strength will come. Every atom in your mind and body will move in obedience to your affirmation, and soon you will be happy, even though there be no immediate change in your surroundings. But that change for the better will also come. Until it does, remember you can rejoice, even though you are physically worn with the care of your house, of your children or the many responsibilities which devolve upon us all in greater or less degree.

Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, remember you are in the pathway to heaven, which means only that your eyes are opening so that heaven can be revealed to you, and when it is so revealed a radiance will go forth from your spirit which will illumine your whole life and the lives of those about you.

And is it not enough to make anyone glad to know that the movement of the

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world is toward greater life and greater joy? The passage is from darkness to light and from pain to bliss, otherwise it were a sad and cruel world indeed.

If, as you read my words, you are filled with a sudden upliftment of the spirit, know that it is because my words are true, and, being true, they are living words straight from the heart of being. They are charged with health, with life and with joy, and you in reading them are moved to rejoice with me, for we light our lamps not only at the central fire, but also one of another.

Conscious Volition Controls Involuntary Activities.

Kate Atkinson Boehme, in *Freedom*.

The body is like a clock which has been wound up at some time in the past, and death is the running down of its mechanical action. The conquest of death then is the winding up of that clock, and the process is simple when once learned.

Let us see if this is not true.

Long ago in the early beginnings of life on this planet that little protoplasmic form, the amoeba, had a desire for food. Impelled by this desire it floated here and there until it came in contact with the object of its desires, when it folded itself about that object, absorbed that which it could assimilate and released the balance. As time went on its desire grew stronger and stronger, and its need for more varied food greater, so that instead of letting its prey go quickly it held on to it, so as to extract, if possible, still more sustenance. This resulted finally in a settled contractile effort which converted the flat surface of the amoeba into a tube-like formation, the first nucleus of a stomach.

But this little stomach could not digest all that it stowed away, and would probably have had a severe touch of indigestion had it not in time gotten rid of that portion of its food which could not possibly be assimilated, therefore ducts or channels were formed for liquid and solid matter to pass out of the little organism which no longer needed them. These ducts were primitive bowels and kidneys. To supply other needs, eyes, ears, heart, lungs and other organs were formed.

These organs owe their origin and growth to conscious action on the part of the individual projecting them. No matter how low the form of life, if it has any knowledge of external objects it possesses consciousness, for to be conscious means simply to know, the word "conscious" being from the Latin *conscius*, from "con" and "scire," to know. The amoeba was conscious, because it knew of the presence of its prey, and it had volition because it willed to grasp that prey. It acted then with conscious volition and in this way it projected the organs which it afterward developed.

But as its desires grew apace it dropped the control of the first established activities, because it could do so by virtue of mechanical law. If you set a ball rolling it is carried forward by the momentum given by your hand, which is the agent of your conscious volition, and the ball rolls on until the force transmitted is spent. By the same law the mechanical action which was set up at first in the body by conscious volition continues until the force imparted to it is exhausted.

In this way our bodies are running as the result of an action set up long ago. As we go from childhood to old age we get farther and farther from the original impelling force until finally the mechanism runs down, just as a clock would with no hand to wind it.

But just so surely as a clock can renew its action, just so surely can the human body do the same and escape that cessation of activity which we know as death.

When, as a child, you began your alphabet, you traced with difficulty the letters composing it. Next, you combined by slow degrees those letters into words of one syllable, then into words of two syllables, and so on until you could frame the letters into sentences. Now you run down the columns of your daily paper with lightning glance, catching at the ideas which are there expressed without discriminating between A and B or C and D. That is, you do not do it consciously, for the conscious recognition which you once gave each individual letter has been converted into what is called a sub-conscious activity, and now this activity takes care of your letters, words and sentences, leaving your mind free to transcend them and grasp the ideas which they convey. If you stop for an instant to consider whether a sentence is grammatical or to note the spelling of a word, you at once lose your grasp on the idea which it expresses.

Without the activity of the sub-conscious mind you would, each moment of your life, take the first step of your babyhood with the same hesitation and fear of falling which attended your initial effort, and such later feats as running, leaping, dancing and riding the wheel would be utterly unattainable. It is only because of these sub-conscious processes that dexterity, skill or progress of any sort become possible.

This is why prisoners who are shut away from communication with their fellows lose the power of speech. The sub-conscious activity when no longer receiving an impulse from the conscious mind runs down like any mechanism which depends upon an impelling power external to itself.

The conscious mind which is ever thinking live thoughts gives a stronger impulse or wind-up to the automatic action dependent upon it, and therefore it rests with that conscious mind to say whether the bodily activity shall run down or be endowed with a renewal of motion.

And there is no danger of the mechanism really wearing out as it might with a clock, for this sub-conscious mind differs from wood or steel in that its particles can continually be replaced by new and living dispositions from the conscious mind.

If you should lose for a time the sense of hearing or that of sight and only regain it after an interval of many years you would lose to a degree, or perhaps entirely, the sub-conscious action which regulated the lost sense, but on the recovery of that sense you could begin over again, and step by step, recover your old facility in reading or speaking.

Each one of us has lost conscious control over the involuntary action which regulates the heart, that great vital centre of force in the body. We have even lost the memory that we ever possessed such control, and so the conscious mind settles down into the belief that it is under subjection to the automatic action of the heart, and usually

a weak heart at that, for, strange to say, you never hear of anyone being subjugated by a strong heart.

And so this weak heart, like the miserable invalid in a family, goes on making all things awry until something or other happens to upset the tyrannous control of which only a weak creature is capable.

This something which happens is a happy turn of circumstances which places true power where it rightfully belongs.

When it is clearly seen that we regain conscious control over all sub-conscious activity and that the latter is only a stratum of mind disengaged continually from the conscious mind, and that, instead of being a stratum of rock, it is more like one of clouds, then will a new lease of life be taken by the sick and despairing.

To hold, even for a short time, in the conscious mind the thought that one can control involuntary action in the body is to begin to establish that control. It is equivalent to taking one's seat on the throne prior to grasping the scepter of government. To still further pursue this advantage by assuming immediate control of this bundle of habits we call the body, is to extend the scepter and inaugurate the reign of a good, happy and healthful government; a government based upon this mighty truth that conscious volition does control involuntary activities.

Extract from Editorial in New York Sunday Herald.

At the siege of Buda, in 1625, the garrison was in the direst straits. The scurvy had become epidemic, and there seemed to be nothing left but surrender. The prince saved the day by an appeal to the faith of his soldiers. He administered a few drops of pure water to the afflicted, assuring them that it was an infallible cure for the dread disease. Such was their confidence in the remedy that the effect produced was immediate. The garrison was made whole in a few days, and as a fighting force it was ready for victory.

The medicine which achieved this result was not a drug, but a thought. In some way, as yet unknown to science, the belief that a cure had been found was closely followed by the cure itself, and those in whom actual disease had been produced by one state of mind—namely, hopelessness—were restored to health by another and a better state of mind.

The incident amply illustrates the power of faith to rouse the stagnant pool of physical vitality and change it into a swift-flowing current of healthy and vigorous life. The pages of history are full of corroborating testimony. In the annals of every religion are innumerable instances of the same sort. Underneath them is a spiritual law which we have persistently ignored, but a law which holds in its grasp our happiness, our health and our usefulness. We shall accept it by and by, when our eyes are wider open, but in the meantime we must suffer needlessly because we are blinded by prejudice.

The deepest thoughts are always tranquilizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, the richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.—William Hamilton Mabie.

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Reciprocity.

Here is a proposition which I wish to place before my readers, and as an especial favor to ask them to give it a little thought.

There are five mail deliveries each day, Sundays excepted—thank the Lord of love and wisdom—at this house, and every mail brings the most urgent requests for help and advice. Sometimes there will be one letter of this sort and sometimes a dozen: "Please write me a personal letter and answer the following questions. I get a great deal of comfort from the Idea, but I want something straight from you to me," say some of these writers, or words to this effect. Generally, but not always, a stamp for reply is enclosed, which places one under a certain obligation. The following is a fair sample of these communications. Sometimes the plea is sickness, sometimes family trouble, sometimes poverty.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me how to cure a chronic condition of sick headache? I have had the best medical treatment, but nothing has done any good. I feel almost sure that if you will write me a good long letter I shall be helped to catch onto the principle. I am a great believer in the law of vibration, and your vibration which goes out to everybody in your paper always affects me most pleasantly. Is it not a logical deduction that if I can get it straight and personally it will do me much more good?"

It would be of no use to print the pages of complaints that follow. The above is quite enough to show how unreasonable, how thoughtless, and even cruel, some folks are in their demands upon others.

To have written the "good long letter" which our friend expected, would have taken the best part of the forenoon, and kept me from the universal work which is my business and pleasure to do. And remember that this was only one letter out of a pile which would have tried the patience of Job. Our friend evidently thinks it is a part of my duty to attend to such cases as hers.

Now, I know that I am a good-natured woman and possessed of a strong desire to help, as far as lies in my power, every struggling soul. But I think that in this matter of private correspondence I have struck. I will bunch these letters and answer them in the Idea to the very best of my ability; but they must be written legibly upon not over two pages of note paper, or I can not consent to spend the time reading them.

If this woman had said, "I know how busy you must be, and I would not consent to receive a letter from you unless I could make full compensation," I think it would have been as good a treatment for chronic sick headache as she could have had. But she does not even hint at reciprocity. She demands my best, and gives in return a 2-cent postage stamp.

Stinginess is the cause of many kinds of discomfort. If a person is not willing to give an equivalent for what he receives he will suffer till he changes his methods, whether he is on this plane of existence or some other.

"But if I haven't got it to give?" some one will exclaim at this point.

If the desire be present there is always something that we can do. One could at least say, "I wish I could, and I will when

I can." Such a statement would hold the promise of a resurrection from old conditions. But to expect everything and give nothing is to invite disease, disaster, and death.

This is not pleasant writing. Personally, and according to old habits, I would prefer to keep on giving and say nothing about it, but I have touched the point now where I must be just, and quite as much for the evolution of my neighbor as for myself. So hereafter when special personal favors are requested, they must be paid for according to the law of reciprocity, which is the law of justice.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Christianity and Astrology.

The Rev. Francis Edgar Mason, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Bedford avenue and Madison street, held a question-and-answer service yesterday morning. The following question was among the number: "Is the present metaphysical tendency antagonistic to Christianity?" Mr. Mason answered in part as follows: "Religions are survivals. All are practically the same. Trace the history of religion back as far as you may and you will find that all have the same emotions, sentiments, aspirations and hopes. Christianity is the sum total of all religions, yet its every tenet is borrowed from the past. Religion is a golden thread running through life. Religions are knots tied in the thread. Jesus Christ, the light of the world, is an evolution from astrological belief of thousands of years ago. The sun worshipers revered the sun that 'lighteth every one who cometh into the world.' The twelve apostles were figures of the twelve months of the year. Judas represents the month of February, which, not having its full complement of days, is a suicide month, deprived of its full period of life. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John represent the four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. The crucifixion is the sign of approaching winter, when the sunshine is entombed in winter days. The three days in the tomb are symbolical of the three months of dreary desolation, when the world is clothed in barrenness. The resurrection denotes the return of spring with its bud, blossom and sunshine. All of the tenets of modern Christianity are borrowed from this remote source. The three magi who came to the infant Jesus represent the introduction of ancient ideas into Christianity. Jesus was first seen in the sky by the shepherds. He ascended into the sky at the resurrection, both of which attest to the figures of astrological belief. The tendency of Christianity today to relegate heaven to the sky carries out this same figure. Christianity commenced in the sky and ended in the sky. It is of astrological extraction. Christian metaphysics will wrest these issues from the sky and reduce them to practical levels. It will take man as it finds him, irrespective of the past or future, and transform him into the living embodiment of the Christ. There is no superior or supreme man in this universe. All have the same possibilities, all are endowed alike with spiritual power and prerogative. Jesus Christ is merely the type of generic humanity, showing what there is in man. All can be like him.

All that man needs is development along spiritual lines. He must exchange sentiment for science and tradition for truth. The Christ will be an actual demonstration when we embody him, and never before. He will remain an idol in the sky until we become like him. We can know Him only as we experience Him inwardly. This is the mission of Christian metaphysics."—N. Y. Daily.

Psychic Light.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt, in a lecture on "The Higher Forces," gives the following description of psychic light: "There must be different octaves of light and color which the ordinary eye can not see, just as there are different octaves of sound in music. The first upper octave has sometimes been termed fluorescent, being revealed in part by fluorin and other substances. This octave is really the odyllic grade of light and color, which Baron Reichenbach discovered, and includes the X-Ray which we hear so much about. This grade of light is so fine as to penetrate opaque substances, and thus render them more or less transparent, being twice as fine as ordinary light. The next color octave is the psychic light, which is four times as fine as ordinary light, and constitutes the interior and mighty influence by which a more magnificent universe is revealed, compared with which the outer universe is hardly worth looking at."—Star of the Magi.

The Health of Jewels.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

It is interesting to know from a Chestnut street dealer in jewels that pearls are in particularly good health this summer. "Good health" is the expression of the dealer, and he meant it literally. "These gems are particularly liable to disease," he said yesterday. "Commercially, the health of a pearl refers to its lustre, and when it becomes dull, you may know that it is sick. Salt water is the only tonic that is known to be efficacious in such cases, and after being immersed in brine for several days, the gems will be found to be restored to their usual health. The summer months are usually hard on pearls, but this year, for some reason, there is very little illness among them."

Mrs. Harriet Peabody, who is doing such a noble work in educating the Navajo Indians, writes us that she has recently visited their reservation, and found them suffering from a three years' drought. She says it was really pitiful to see their little crops dried and burned up, and the pastures for their sheep almost a barren desert. She found blankets very scarce and prices high, but the Indians had saved quite a number for her, which she will sell at a low figure and use the proceeds to carry on the work. They are for sale at the home of Mrs. H. G. Dyer, 1512 Twenty-first street, Washington, D. C., and also at 1033 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, Cal., where Mrs. Peabody may be found for a time. We have seen the blankets and can say that they are beautiful and very cheap.

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Editorial Notes and Reviews.

An article which I clipped from Eleanor Kirk's Idea, written by herself, and entitled "However, No Matter," produced quite an impression on my readers. People are still writing me and saying: "I do enjoy The Radiant Centre so much. Your article, 'However, No Matter,' was especially fine." Of course I then sail under borrowed canvas; However, no matter.

I have what is unusual in the city, a large side yard, and just now in strolling through it I spied two bright little dandelions, looking just as happy as though they had been on time in the spring. I thought, Well, what is the difference whether you bloom early or late, and I framed a little adage for myself, "It's never too late to bloom!" Bear that in mind, friends, even in the very winter of your discontent.

And the other day an exquisite white rose came out on one of my bushes, though the flowering time is long since over. What is the matter with the place? Are the very plants catching the spirit of my philosophy? Catching a residue from my thought as it floats past them from my study window?

"It's never too late to bloom."

No, it is not, sad heart. You are sad? Why? Just because your petals are all wrapped closely about you and you feel the pressure. Open up! Open up to the sun and fear not the winter frosts. Fear nothing—only bloom.

Be brave; be hardy. Anything is better than being shut in with the sadness and the pressure. Push outward and the sadness will depart and you will be out in the open—and free.

What if you are 80, 90, 100 years old. Put your hand in Nature's and she will lead you to a renewal of all your powers,

your sight, your hearing, your suppleness, your strength. She is doing it right along for others, and why not for you? Yes, why not for you?

Don't you know that an old, old message—one almost forgotten—has come to the earth again? One which proclaims that Death is slain? Death is dead, and Life only lives.

In the quietude of your spirit don't you know that you are an Immortal—that birth and death are only curtains drawn between the stretches of your endless being. You bloomed yesterday, you can bloom again to-day and to-morrow and forevermore, until that bloom gives place to something else, to something better. Better than you and I can imagine now. We can only dream of it vaguely.

But that is the way thought comes. First in vague, indeterminate shape. Then it takes form; we see it clearly. A new thought, a new era and something hitherto undreamed of comes to the old world as it swings around on its axis.

Have you never experienced a moment in which merely to live was pure joy? Well, that was Life. Let us put Death out of sight, since it is no more, and learn something of this wonderful, joyful thing of which we have such delightful glimpses. Let us enter in and know Life.

Answers to Correspondents.

This department has deviated somewhat from its original form of question and answer into more of an essay, and yet it has all the while been given in answer to correspondents, although the questions have been treated in composite.

In this issue I intend to confine myself more strictly to the original form.

I have a correspondent who is made utterly wretched by the fact of her husband's alienation. I have more than one on my list who is afflicted in this fashion but the particular one to whom I allude is in ultra grievous straits. She thinks that her heart strings have been ruthlessly torn from the form about which they clung, and that now they are trailing lacerated and bleeding in the mire of contempt. My advice is to make a healing salve out of the mire; it may not be a very sweet remedy, but it is the one at hand, and I have heard of its use as efficacious. Then, I should gather up those heart strings and haul them in vigorously. I have no doubt that her husband cut loose because he was tired of being a Siamese twin, or as Carpenter would say, "a clothes peg for a woman to hang her affections upon."

I know the sight of that woman's face when he comes in to dinner is enough to drive appetite away, and that, of course, breeds more alienation.

It is a pitifully unhealthy state in which that little woman finds herself. It is a disease and nothing short of it. You can not yearn after anybody without being in the incipient stage of that disease. Your heart

should not go out in strings at all unless you want to lose force as a potato does when it sprouts. If you would keep your heart nice and wholesome, don't let it sprout. Still you have one advantage over a potato, even if you haven't as many eyes. With half an eye you can see that the sprouting state is one of degeneracy, and can pull yourself together again, which the potato can not do. In my opinion, yearning and heart hunger are very much like the morbid appetite that springs from dyspepsia. A healthy heart, like a well ordered stomach, will have none of it.

There is a natural hunger, which of right belongs to each, but that is a very different thing from the inordinate craving which I would discountenance.

There is a very superior woman on my list who is married to a man in some respects her inferior, and yet she is extremely sensitive to his opinion of her. He has a good salary, but if he complains of expense this woman, who is highly educated, a writer and capable of earning a generous yearly stipend with her pen, at once discharges her servants, goes into the kitchen herself and works like any drudge for weeks and months, and then writes me that she can not stand it. I don't wonder. The thing for her to do is to walk straight out of that kitchen, where she is wholly out of place, step to the head of her household, where she is in place, and hold that position with gentle dignity. If she abdicates her own throne no one but herself can restore her to it. Her husband will shortly estimate her at the true value which she must place upon herself. When she steps lower in the scale he will accept that valuation just as surely. And all this just because he is inferior.

When Mrs. French-Sheldon went into Africa, one woman alone with a caravan of natives as an escort, she maintained her supremacy by always holding the attitude of a queen. She carried the richest gowns with her, and when she was presented at the court of any small potentate in her line of travel, she invariably appeared in gorgeous apparel. When she addressed her caravan it was from an elevation, though only a dry goods box. Her meals, though served also upon dry goods boxes, were dignified by the use of fine linen and silver, while the greatest decorum was always observed. In this way and in no other was it possible to maintain discipline and control her barbaric attendants.

There is a large relic of barbarism in the character of every inferior man or woman. It is crude force which must be held in leash by superior force.

Back of Mrs. French-Sheldon's assumption of superiority there was the real power, not only the power of intellect, but also the power, which is greater still, of a dauntless spirit.

When my friend with the inferior husband simply lets loose her own spirit in its glorious fulness, there will be a revolution, and nobody will get hurt. It is useless for the head to try to be the foot. It never can be except in the course of a somersault, and that does not last long.

It is such a mistake to think that it is an index of superiority to get the best end of an argument, to cut and slash an opponent with the sharp sword of criticism, or to rule a household with a hand of iron. These are all barbaric methods, and are fast becoming obsolete. The superior

member of a household is the one who shines like a sun about which all the smaller planets revolve in harmonious rhythm.

And oh, the gaunt and haggard runners after affinities! How I wish for their own sakes and mine as well, that they would stay at home, attend strictly to business or hide up for awhile and let their affinities seek them. I know two women now who have been all over Europe on an affinity hunt and are coming home without bagging any game. I get on an average, well, I won't say how many letters a day, from disgruntled people, who are beating a cover in search of a lost affinity. I will only intimate that they are many, too many.

To all such I would say, Go find surcease from your woes. Subscribe for a little paper called *Christian*, edited by Thomas J. Shelton, of Denver, Colo. He will tell you how he staid at home, found himself, and then his affinity found him. The fact is, neither was seeking the other. Like two flowers, each was unfolding, and being on the same bush the two met, loved, and were happy ever afterward. The afterward is not very long yet, but we assume it will stretch through all eternity.

If you are looking for an affinity, a soul mate, or anything of the sort, take my advice, don't do it any more. Look instead, for yourself. You have no idea how interesting the search is.

Perpetual Youth.

By Paul Tyner, in *Freedom*.

"Nature abhors the old, and old age seems the only disease; all others run into this one. We call it by many names—fever, intemperance, insanity, stupidity and crime. They are all forms of old age; they are rest, conservatism, appropriation, inertia; not newness, not the way onward. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young."—Emerson.

Immortality in the flesh can not be monopolized. It belongs to no man or class of men exclusively, but to all equally. All flesh is heir to it. Our title deeds are written in red blood, not blue—in the one blood common to all the nations of the earth. Once demonstrated by a single individual, this truth must sooner or later be known of men the world over. When the world becomes convinced that living perpetually in a perpetually improving body is not only possible for all, but also best for all, living will be the rule, dying the exception. The best there is is good enough for the people of our time—nothing less will satisfy them long. We refuse to travel in stage coaches when we can speed across the continent behind the iron horse. Nor will we be content with a waytrain when we can save two or three hours in a thousand-mile trip by taking the "flyer." The "limited," with its quicker time and more luxurious accommodations only sets the pace for the unlimited and regular train of to-morrow. There are men still living who have seen candles and whale oil as the illuminants in general use give way to petroleum, and that to coal gas, while in the last two decades we have barely had time to wire the world for electric lighting—immensely developed in effectiveness and economy in these few years by a con-

stant succession of improvements—when Tesla announces the discovery of a wireless and lampless method of illumination—some sort of atmospheric incandescence, as I understand.

The reader can carry forward the comparison in a hundred other particulars that will readily occur to his mind. What I want to emphasize is that we are moving rapidly and all together when we do move. The age of darkness and secrecy concerning any new discovery of truth and its application is past. No man lives to himself alone; the adept in his Himalayan cave not more than the chemist in his laboratory or the mechanician in his workshop on Pike's Peak.

If Ponce de Leon had located a fountain of perpetual youth in Florida four hundred years ago, he might then have preempted the whole section of country, built a high wall around it and alone or with a chosen band of brothers sworn to secrecy by awful oaths, guzzled its waters in solemnly silent and hidden exclusiveness. The discovery in our day of such a fountain (just imagining its possibility to point my moral) would be the signal for the organization of an international syndicate to carry the delectable beverage by pipe-line and tank-steamer to the ends of the earth. Fortunately, the location of the real fountain of youth is spiritual, and not geographical, and its flow not limited, but inexhaustible, while its distributing system is so perfectly organized by nature that we need not be dependent on the benevolent activity of a trust. Every man can have all he wants of the veritable waters of life at his own door, without even having to bore a well for it.

If bodily immortality is a good thing, it will become general. If its general acceptance did not mean great gain for the race, it would be an impossibility for any man. There are many people, I find, who do not believe that bodily immortality would be an unalloyed blessing. On this ground they instinctively base their disbelief in its possibility. The most serious objection to the doctrine lies just here. In a recent talk with a widely known author, who, to rare power and insight, allies deep and broad sympathy for humanity, the matter came up in this way:

"If people were to stop dying," said she, "the world would soon be overpopulated—which means, of course, increased pressure upon subsistence, strife, famine and misery.

"Perpetuation of life in the individual organism," I suggested, "would simply be a better method of perpetuating the race than is reproduction; one obviously and immensely more economical, as well as happier and more beautiful in every way than our present system. When people stop dying, there will be no need of their being born—at least not after the world is fully populated."

On this my gentle friend shuddered and exclaimed: "The world in that case would be robbed of all that makes life worth living—of the freshness, vigor and beauty of youth; of the child's and the youth's capacity for new ideas, their illusions and enthusiasms. Humanity would be saddened and sorrowed to the last degree were it not for the new generation constantly coming forward to displace the old."

Now, I confess to a certain sympathy with the state of mind thus manifested. I

have a deep-rooted feeling that all is good. If a thing can be shown to me not to be good, taken in the large, I will admit that it can not be true. My test for truth is goodness. With Harriet Beecher Stowe, I am sure that "what ought to be, will be." I believe *Freedom's* readers will agree with me that this objection coming from so many people is accordingly worth looking into and meeting squarely.

The objection, when analyzed, is found to be but another form of that which is so often made from the merely personal point of view. To some people, prolonged life means only prolonged old age, decay drawn out; the sere and yellow leaf delayed in its fall; the superfluous lagging veteran, sadly surviving all manly or womanly interests, enthusiasms and ideals. These people think of the Wandering Jew, or of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's gruesome hero who outlived all his friends and prayed for death. So thinking, they say: "We do not see that bodily immortality holds out any very alluring prospect; as for us, we do not want to live forever!" I am leaving out of consideration, for the present, the numerous class of people who, under the influence of pessimistic pietism, deem it virtuous to despise this beautiful world and look forward to "a better country" in the life beyond, where they won't have to work any more, but may satisfy their souls by endlessly "loafing 'round the throne." Most of us have been there ourselves and need not look down on them. They are not ready now to listen to our argument, but they are on the way. Those who live and believe in life will never die, and even those who were dead will begin to live when they really believe in life, putting forth will and desire in accordance with such belief.

To revert to my friend's objection: Bodily immortality and perpetual youth are inseparable. The truth of this seems obvious, yet it can not be too strongly emphasized. When we are talking about bodily immortality we are not talking at all about old age. Old age is not life; it is absence of life—slow death. Life means growth, increase, newness, youthfulness, an ever expanding and ineradicable joy. When there shall be life indeed, there will be no more death, no more old age, weakness, disease, distortion, sorrow or suffering.

The complete and final conquest of disease (which few find any difficulty in believing to be near) must mean the conquest of death. When we begin to live we stop dying. We are really not living fully until we live as immortals—masters of our bodies in being masters of our fate. We shall then make all things new from day to day and year to year through all the centuries and cycles of unfoldment. We shall understand the kingdom of heaven that is within, for we shall have become as little children.

It is the child, after all, that is the genuine type of the perfect human. Of Goethe at 84, it was said that he was "a great child." Emerson somewhere finely accepts the criticism as a proof of Goethe's greatness. Certain it is that the genius is always marked by a certain rare and lovable quality, correctly described as "childlike." The sage of Concord in his own life and thought fully appreciated the sweetness

and sanity of the child-nature as the one preservative and continuer of beauty and power. Take this word about the old Greeks:

"Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfect in their senses; perfect in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They combined the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood."

With fuller life and clearer vision, we need not dread that we shall ever become "disillusioned." We shall not lose the faith of youth in his ideals, for we shall know that the ideal is the real, and grow with the growth of our ideals.

What can be clearer than the present need of the youthfulness of mind which this gospel of fuller life in the flesh alone promises? Is the world not robbed of its childhood when thousands of children in all lands are condemned to ceaseless drudgery in factory, mine and mill; and when other thousands are forced into precocious and pitifully premature age by our hot-house processes of miscalled "education"? Not one in a hundred of the city-bred men and women of our day has really known what it is to have had a childhood. Our young men and maidens among the more fortunate classes are apt to be cynical and blasé at 20. And among the poor, it is not unusual to find people worn out, discouraged and broken down under their burdens before reaching 30. The poverty and squalor of our modern life for the many, equally with its degeneracy and decay through wanton luxury and unutterable vice among the rich, testify to the world's need of the spirit of youth, of freshness, of vigor and beauty unending, which only the conquest of death shall make possible. Rob the world of youth! Rather let it be proclaimed from the house-tops that the idea of bodily immortality has for its first and greatest mission the restoration to the world of the vitality and youthfulness of which death has so long robbed us. "For love, beauty and delight," says Shelley, "there is no death." How can we hope to have love, beauty and delight until we rid the world of death?

To live long is sweet, but only when it is to live fully, to feel deeply, to think grandly, to act decisively, to make all production and creation "the worker's expression of joy in his work." To be oneself, act oneself honestly and more and more each day, we must have the widened horizon of the endless life in the flesh.

The generation of new ideas, seeing things from new standpoints, putting things in new ways—all this is an essential part of the process of bodily immortalization. If we are to perpetuate youth by perpetuating life, we must let go of the past, let go of all in the old that does not transmute itself into the new. The last year's bonnet that can not be made over into this year's style had better be discarded along with ways and manners of thinking and acting that are not up-to-date. Out of the dead leaves dropped to the earth and fertilizing its roots, the tree draws sustenance for the vigor that shall push forth into green glory of new foliage in the new year. Only as we let go the old can we

grasp the new. People who keep thoughts and other things in active circulation are perennially young, no matter what their years. Those who make lumber rooms of their heads, as of their attics, become congested and clogged up mentally and physically. They resist innovation, oppose "new fangled notions," talk about the "good old times." In consequence they dam the currents of life and growth, become constipated, dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and go moaning and mooning to the grave—unless they open up to Mental Science.

Still another variation to the objection here dealt with is that our theory of the endless life in the flesh would involve a violation of the law of change universal in nature; that it would introduce a dreary sameness repugnant to all artistic sense of the eternal fitness of things. Perpetual youth is conceived of as "sweet sixteen" made fixed and permanent as to the details in which that age ordinarily presents itself. It is as if youth consisted altogether of pretty frocks and white slippers. These objectors are all fatuously oblivious to the fact that what gives youth its sweetness and charm—what constitutes youth—is its very movement, growth, changeableness. These traits, surely, are not less admirable at sixty than at sixteen. Who that has ever enjoyed a dinner with that prince of wits and story tellers, the late lamented Sam Ward, "the modern Petronius," as he was called, need disconnect sparkle and vivacity from sixty-odd? Equally notable is the instance furnished by "Uncle Sam's" more famous sister, Julia Ward Howe. Although past the fourscore milestone, she is to-day as much the life of any party in which she finds herself as she was when she wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," nearly forty years ago. Indeed, the brilliancy, esprit, in a word, youthfulness, of the American woman of fifty is almost proverbial. She is the delight of the nations, the world's desire, born to rule by right divine of grace, beauty and wit, and she may marry whom she pleases, or choose husbands for her daughters where she will.

The youth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "eighty years young;" the youth of Emerson at his best when past threescore; the youth of Longfellow, whose smiling eyes and ever ready humor only emphasized the radiance of snowy head and beard; the youth of Walt Whitman, "good gray poet" and perennial singer of perennial dawn; the youth of Goethe and of Tennyson, of Bismarck and of Gladstone—this is the kind of youth we celebrate and see before us; the youth eligible to all, the youth we now demand in demanding bodily immortality.

Even the illustrious ones I have mentioned died at last, although retaining their power and charm to an advanced age. So the reader may ask how we are to derive from their example inspiration or encouragement to live forever? And my answer is that far more important than their dying is their living in the fullest sense, ten, twenty or even thirty years after the age at which the ancient ignorance of the race has so long condemned its noblest to death. We are to take to heart the lesson of their success as far as it goes, and better it as much as we can, thanking them for cutting the notches by which we may mount past the place they fell; taking to heart the les-

son of their failure, we may avoid it, winning our victories on farther and larger fields. If we can put off decay and death ten years, we can put it off twenty, fifty, a hundred or a thousand years. Little by little we are learning our power. When we have learned to live a thousand years, earth will be peopled by a race of men, beside one of whom all the gods in the Roman Pantheon rolled together would but be as a satyr to Hyperion.

It is senility, decay, death that really contradict or try to contradict the universal law of change. Throughout nature we find life everywhere and death nowhere. The seasons roll around in endless change. Growth describes a circle as spring merges into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, and winter fades into spring. Only man, in blind and vain imagination, timidly runs a straight or a wobbly line out into a supposed jumping off point in time. We have learned that, to the courage of Columbus, the world is round and that there is no jumping off point on top of the earth; we have yet to grow brave enough to show there is no jumping off point in time. We fail to connect and complete the circle of change. As Young has it:

"Man makes a death which Nature never made."

In the new day now dawning, we shall refuse to run down at fifty or sixty, and we shall refuse to "stop short, never to go again," like Grandfather's clock, when the dial of the years indicates seventy or eighty. In the light of the larger consciousness, we shall know our right to live, and knowing, dare maintain it. Then shall humanity for the first time know what life really is, what youth is, what love is, what power is—knowing the splendor of work and joy in work unending.

Success Treatments.

I am so often asked to explain how it is that treatments for success can be effective, that I have decided to cover all questions, if possible, in a single answer.

Unless you are somewhat familiar with the New Thought, as it is called, you will find it difficult to understand that thought can work without visible or tangible means. You are beginning to accept the fact of wireless telegraphy, but this other fact is as yet a little beyond your comprehension; still, just think! Is it any stranger that thought should go from mind to mind, and to just that mind for which it is intended, than that the viewless thing we call a telegraphic dispatch, should go from here to Boston, instead of San Francisco, just because the transmitter from which it starts here is related to the receiver in Boston? And it goes straight as an arrow to the mark to that very spot in Boston where the receiver is placed.

As Prentice Mulford says, "Thought runs in currents as real as those of air and water. Of what we think and talk we attract to us a like current of thought. This acts on mind or body for good or ill. If thought was visible to the physical eye we should see its currents flowing to and from people. We should see that persons similar in temperament, character and motive are in the same literal current of thought. We should see that the person in a despondent and angry mood is in the same

current with others despondent or angry, and that each one in such moods serves as an additional battery or generator of such thought, and is strengthening that particular current. We should see these forces working in similar manner and connecting the hopeful, courageous and cheerful with all others hopeful, courageous and cheerful.

"When you are in low spirits or 'blue,' you have acting on you the thought current coming from all others in low spirits. You are in oneness with the despondent order of thought. The mind is then sick. It can be cured, but a permanent cure can not always come immediately, when one has long been in the habit of opening the mind to this current of thought."

"In attracting to us the current of any kind of evil, we become for a time one with evil. In the thought current of The Supreme Power for good we may become more and more as one with that power, or in Biblical phrase, 'One with God.' That is the desirable thought current for us to attract."

Prentice Mulford is right, and I will say further that when any one mind has made its stand in a positive and impregnable state of conscious oneness with all good, when it only recognizes evil as a passing illusion, when nothing can shake its faith, its hope, its persistence, then it is posited at the radiant centre of its being, and from out that centre proceed the vibrations of health, power and prosperity. It attracts to itself the weak, the suffering, the discouraged and poverty-stricken, and they take on by induction these strong vibrations of a new life. Unconsciously they respond as one tuning fork to another.

I know all the arguments that have been brought to bear against treatments for prosperity, and they are without actual basis in fact. Why preach renunciation to those who have nothing to renounce? Why talk non-attachment to those who have nothing to which they can attach themselves?

There is, to be sure, a spiritual condition which brings the state of non-attachment which by the law of paradox is really the possession of all things. It is the holding of good and desirable things freely, the being enslaved by nothing, the being ready to part with all through a sublime faith in the everlasting inexhaustible Goodness.

To receive treatment for success simply means that your thought force is to be stimulated by the induction of a stronger vibration until it can go forth from you and open doors of opportunity, which now are closed, passing through which you shall find scope for all your powers and reap a rich harvest in remuneration.

For a fuller treatment of this subject see my essay, "The Secret of Opulence."—A reprint from August issue by special request.

Books Received.

"Questions of Conscience," by Antoinette Van Hoesen. From Purdy Publishing Company, McVicker's Building, Chicago, Ill. Price, \$1.25.

"Living by the Spirit," by Horatio Dresser, 272 Congress street, Boston, Mass. Price, 75 cents.

"Words That Burn," by Lida Briggs Browne, 34 Columbia street, Utica, N. Y.

A Southern Story.

During the closing weeks of the siege of Petersburg, Gen. Robert E. Lee's headquarters were in a private house. One morning he was standing with several members of his staff under a large tree when a heavy shell landed not far distant.

"Lieutenant," said he, "the enemy have evidently got our range, and we had better retire."

Of course, nobody would retire until the chief set the example. The next moment another shell crashed through the top of the tree above their heads, and all followed his advice, except himself.

"He stopped—and for what do you suppose?" asked the old Confederate officer, who told this story. "The shells had knocked down a nestful of young birds, and when the retreating officers looked back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Secret.

Do you know what moves the tides,
As they swing from low to high?
'Tis the love, love, love,
Of the moon within the sky.
Oh, they follow where she guides,
Do the faithful-hearted tides!

Do you know what woos the earth,
Out of winter back to spring?
'Tis the love, love, love,
Of the sun, that mighty king.
Oh, the rapture that has birth,
In the kiss of sun and earth!

Do you know what makes sweet songs
Ring for me through all earth's strife?
'Tis the love, love, love,
That you bring into my life.
Oh, the glory of the songs,
In the heart where love belongs!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Smart Set.

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